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OUR WORK:

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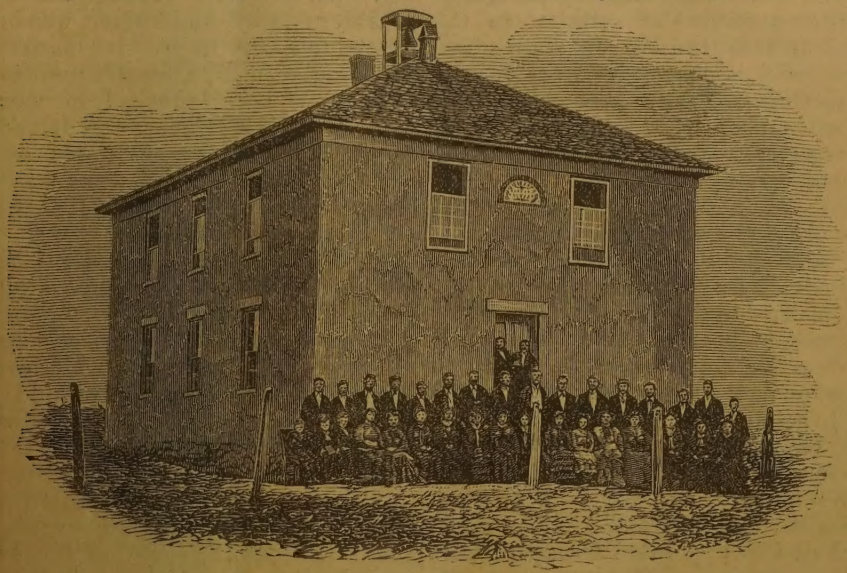
OUR WORK.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1876. NO. 5.

WEAUBLEAU CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE.

BY JOHN WHITAKER.

Our history begins at a period immediately succeeding the civil war. During the war, this part of Missouri had been drenched in blood. Not a village within several miles of us but what had been the battle-field of skirmishing parties, or of larger armies of men; not a neighborhood but what some of its citizens had been slain by the cruel hand of war. Many of the farms were entirely destroyed, and their dwelling-houses reduced to ashes. At the outbreak of the war the citizens were about equally divided, and the line of demarkation was so accurately drawn that no American citizen could remain neutral, but was forced to identify himself either with the Union or Southern party. The two contending armies, during the war, chased each other to and fro across the country like children at play. Each time that they swept over the country they brought death to some of its citizens, and further destruction to its improvements. In short, this country suffered in full all the horrors of a civil war. Society was demoralized, churches broken up, and public worship almost entirely aban-



WEAUBLEAU CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE.

doned; schools of every grade went down. In fact, all moral, civil, and religious institutions were suspended during those dark and bloody days. But with the return of peace came a demand for the restoration of these institutions. Free schools were re-established. Ministers of the different denominations began the missionary work of establishing churches, organizing Sabbath-schools, and building up society.

Among the first churches established was the *Weaubleau Christian Church*, organized by the writer January 1, 1866, with six members. The church increased in numbers until there were seventy members. After a revival of religion, in the fall of 1867, the church determined to build a house of worship. A meeting was held January 1, 1868, for the purpose of taking the initiatory steps. At that meeting three plans were proposed:

1. To build a large district school-house, to be used, also, for a church.

2. To build a house, to be used exclusively as a church.

3. To build of brick a two-story house, to be used for religious and educational purposes, the house to be owned and controlled by the Christian Church.

The last plan was adopted, and a committee, consisting of Joseph Whitaker, G. W. Durnell, William Swink, F. Youst, and Thomas Whitaker, was appointed to superintend the erection of the house. A site was selected on the eastern part of Weaubleau Prairie, Hickory County, Missouri. This prairie is about three miles in extent, from east to west, and seven from north to south. Agents were chosen to solicit contributions.

Owing to it being a frontier country, and that, too, in an impoverished condition, it required no small effort to secure sufficient means to erect the building. The church and community certainly deserve great credit for their earnest, liberal, and self-sacrificing support of the enterprise. They gave not of their abundance, but of their living.

By the middle of the ensuing summer means enough were pledged to warrant the commencement of work upon the house. On the 21st of August, 1868, the corner-stone was laid in the presence of a large concourse of people. A prayer was offered on the occasion by Elder I. F. McGuire. We were then favored with an appropriate address from Rev. E. Barber. The address, which was characterized throughout by considerable wit and humor, was delivered in a very impressive manner, and convinced the attentive auditors that the "world moves" in more ways than one. Many new friends for the enterprise were made, and considerable enthusiasm was aroused among the people. Would that this enthusiasm had continued!

The prospect for the early completion of the building was now flattering. The enterprise, so far, had moved on as smoothly and successfully as could have been desired. Every one seemed eager to lend a helping hand, and to push forward the work, which had begun that fall, with a will and energy that seemed to warrant a successful termination. From early morn to late evening could be heard the sound of the mason's hammer, quarrying and dressing the rocks; the woodman's ax, felling and hewing the timbers; the clattering wagons, conveying the building material to its destination. Also, work had begun upon the brick-yard; but here fortune seemed to frown upon the workman's labors. The fall proved to be an unusually wet one. It rained almost daily. And after six weeks of zealous, but unrequited toil and exposure, they

had to abandon, for the present, their enterprise.

Work was now suspended until the ensuing summer. In the meantime death chose for his victims several of the staunchest supporters of the enterprise, among whom was the contractor and architect, Thomas Whitaker. Some of the donors moved away, leaving their subscriptions unpaid. The enthusiasm had subsided, and the people began to lose faith in the success of the undertaking. Many of the friends became discouraged, and counseled its abandonment. A strong opposition arose, carrying with it several of the former enthusiastic friends.

On February 7, 1869, the institution was incorporated under the name and style of WEAUBLEAU CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE.

In the fall of 1869, the work on the Institute was renewed under many discouragements. It was pushed forward slowly by the few who still adhered to the enterprise, with a pertinacity that, in the estimation of many, amounted to stupidity. It was late in the spring of 1871 when the walls were completed. In a few days after, before the roof was put on, the walls of the upper story were blown down during a severe storm. All of the building funds had been exhausted, and the energies of the friends had been taxed to their utmost capacity. The debris of brick and mortar seemed to bury, for a time, all the hopes and energies of the most sanguine and energetic. This calamity brought a feeling of triumph to some of the opposers. They had so long predicted a final failure, that on account of its being a fulfillment of their prophecy, and a proof of their superior foreknowledge, they felt that the failure of the enterprise was their own success.

I will not dwell longer on this part of the history, nor attempt to lead the reader into all the dark and despondent places that were passed through. Let it suffice to say, that with some aid from the Osage Conference, and still more from individuals, the trustees were enabled to complete the building.

The building now stands in a sightly place, in a beautiful, high-rolling prairie, as an exemplification of the time-honored maxim, "Where there is a will, there is a way." May the spirit of perseverance and application, which erected these walls, possess and characterize the young men and ladies who may enter, as students, this Institute. May it please God to bestow upon the founders of this institution the gratification of seeing their sons and daughters, and those of their neighbors, emerge from these halls possessing such moral characters, knowledge, and mental discipline, as will enable them to make their lives pleasant, honorable, and useful!

The school in the Institute was first opened on the 29th day of September, 1873. But six students were in attendance the first day. and only nineteen names were entered on the school register during the first term. At that time, in this county, but little interest in education was taken. But few families in the vicinity would patronize a high school, or were even friendly toward one. Many looked upon an institution of learning as a kind of a machine used to transform the humble, honest, and industrious youths of a country into fops, villains, and idlers. Such a view is too often made specious in the remote settlements of the west by tramps, who have once disgraced by their attendance some institution of learning, and afterward find their way into these secluded places. When here, by living dissipated lives, and pursuing idle and swindling voca-

tions, they bring a reproach upon the institution which they *mis*represent. Yet we can say with pleasure, and a degree of pride, that there were a goodly number in this and adjoining counties, who hailed with joy the establishment of this school, and who soon became its patrons and earnest supporters.

The school gradually worked its way into the confidence and favor of the people. Each term has witnessed an increase of students. It has been the constant aim of the managers of the school to make the work thorough rather than rapid, in consequence of which, the students who have gone forth as teachers in the public schools, have, by showing thoroughness and efficiency in their work, given to Weaubleau Christian Institute a reputation not enjoyed by any other institution in this part of the state. Among the several favorable notices of this school by the local press, is one which appeared recently in the Hickory County *Inquirer*, in which the editor says: "We point with pride to the young men and women who have attended the Weaubleau School." Out of the thirty-six students in the advanced course last year, twenty-four of them are now teachers in the public schools.

The school is designed to be Christian, yet entirely free from all sectarian bias, so that young men and women of all religious persuasions can feel, when here, that it is *our* school.

Ere this communication goes to press, the school will have entered upon its fourth year, under more favorable auspices than ever before. We hope, and trust, that the Weaubleau Christian Institute may long continue as a light to illuminate the minds of the youths, and to direct their energies in the ways of worthiness and success. *In Deo fidimus; homini operamus.*

SHIP OF STATE.

BY DICK T. MORGAN.

Whom can we trust with our good Ship of State,
As she sets sail, this Centennial date,
On the great ocean of national fame,
Bearing in triumph her glorious name?
Who can be trusted, our good ship to guide,
On this great ocean, so broad and so wide,
Prophet, come tell us, come tell us this hour,
Who can be found with such wonderful power?
Now and forever!

Could we one moment intrust it to those
Who have been proved its deadliest foes—
Foes who have given their power and their might
All its bright prospects forever to blight?—
Foes who have striven our life-blood to drink,
Hoping, yes, praying, our good ship would sink—
Shall we, I say, with right and justice to please,
Give our old ship up to sailors like these?
Never, no, never!

Shall we let those who have labored in vain,
Its noble ensign to tarnish with stain—
Those who exerted all power in their hands,
That they might sever those dear union bands—
Those who in madness were first to rebel,
Causing a war where our brave seamen fell—
Shall we, I ask, in the name of our God,
Give up to such men the great ruling rod?
Never, no, never!

Can we let those who, like cravens, staid home,
Mocking the ship as she tossed in the foam;
Fearing to venture their lives to expose,
In order to lighten the hard-beaten blows
Which our poor sailors were feeling each day
As they pressed in deadly battle array?
Shall we to-day, when the struggle is o'er,
Bow at their feet and assistance implore?
Never, no, never!

Who, then, can be placed at the helm of the ship,
In order that she may all others outstrip,
When sailing afar on the wild, turbid sea,
Beneath the true flag of the Land of the Free,
In spite of all enemies—subject to none—
The proudest, the fleetest, ship under the sun?
Prophet, come tell us, come tell us this hour,
Who can be found with such wonderful power?
Now and forever!

Place at the helm, as the present demands,
Men of strong minds, noble hearts, ready hands—
Men of tried faith, proved virtue, broad views,
Who will in others their goodness infuse—
Men of integrity, principles true—
Men who will give to the subject his due—
High-minded men, with consciences clear,
Moved not by threats and ushaken by fear.
Shaken not ever!

Men incorruptible, bought not with gold,
Fearless, unwavering, lion-like bold;
True at commencement, and e'en to the close
Ready the frauds of base men to expose—
Men whom the spoils of office can't buy—
Men who have honor, men who will not lie—
Aye, give us such sailors to place at the helm
Through dangers which threaten our ship to o'erwhelm.
Threaten us ever!

Freemen, in this anniversary year,
When so many clouds in the sky doth appear,
Give the good ship up to sailors like these,
As she glides on before Freedom's fair breeze,
On the great ocean of national fame;
Wearing, as ever, her glorious name,
Under the cresent of Union's fair dome,
Honored, respected, abroad and at home.
Honored forever

LESSONS IN ZOOLOGY.

BY PROF. D. J. EVANS.

The fifth class of vertebrates consists of fishes. As a bird is the only feathered vertebrate, so a fish is the only finned vertebrate. The fish is adapted to a life in the water. It has the same specific gravity that water has. Hence, it will remain at rest in any depth of moderately deep water. And by means of its fins and tail it is able to move in any direction. The head of the fish contains a greater number of bones than any other oviparous vertebrate's head contains. The vertebræ are concave at both ends, and each is perforated by a gelatinous ligament that extends the entire length of the spinal column. The cavity between the different vertebræ is filled with a soft membranous substance, and the column is so constructed that it will admit of easy lateral motion but no vertical motion.

Corresponding to the locomotive members of the mammal, the fish has fins. The two fins corresponding to the fore feet are called *pectorals;* those corresponding to the hind feet are the *ventrals.* Besides these a fish has a *dorsal* (on the back); an *anal* (under the hind portion of the body); and a *caudal*—the end of the tail. The mouth is generally filled with teeth. In some, the teeth are arranged similar to the manner in which they are arranged in the mouth of a mammal. They are also found distributed all over the mouth, and even in the gullet. The stomach in some is a sac, in others a siphon-shaped tube. The small intestines, in some species, extend in a straight line from their beginning to their termination, while in others they are in coils. The large intestines are short and straight.

Respiration is performed in the neck by what are called gills. These are delicate brushes permeated by blood vessels, and are attached to the *os hyoid.* They are covered with the bronchial membrane, and by three pieces called *opercula.* By the motion of the mouth and the gill covers, a current of water is constantly brought in contact with the gills, and the air absorbed in the water enters the blood vessels. This process of respiration is all that a fish demands, and owing to the small amount of combustion and assimilation that is thereby performed, the animal heat is small in amount. The heart consists of one auricle and one ventricle. The heart receives venous blood from the body and impels it to the gills. From the gills it collects into a trunk under the spinal column, whence it is distributed by smaller branches into the different parts of the body and is brought into the auricle. The brain is small, not even filling the cavity allotted it. The size, position, and the direction of the eyes differ in different species. With only a very few exceptions, the eyes are not movable, nor can the pupil contract whatever the quantity of light to which it is exposed may be. The ear is an inclosure within the bones of the head, consisting of a sac and membranous canals. In the sac are little bodies that are of bony hardness. There is a direct connection between the air-bladder and the ear. But the function of the air-bladder is not understood. Rude as the ear may appear, it is quite delicate when considered in connection with the medium to which it is adapted. The senses of smell and taste are feeble.

Most fishes are oviparous. But some produce their young alive. The number of eggs contained within a fish is very great. A salmon sometimes produces 20,000;

a mackerel, 546,000; a cod, 9,344,000; and one species of fish as many as 13,000,000! Most fishes are deprived of parental love. The mother devours her own young as readily as the young of any other species. But some prepare a place for hatching and defend their young.

The number of known species is about 12,000. There is no generally accepted classification of the fishes. But we give below the orders according to the classification of Agassiz. The scales and covering are taken as the basis of division. The class is divided into four orders, viz.: 1. Ganoids, or fish with enameled scales; e. g., gar-pike. 2. Placoids, or fishes whose skin resemble shagreen; e. g., sharks and skates. 3. Ctenoids, those whose scales have a toothed-edge and whose fins are spiry; e. g., perch, breams, etc. 4. Cycloids, those whose scales are entire and fin's rays are soft; e. g., salmon, suckers, etc.

This completes the classification of vertebrates. Geology teaches us that vertebrates, the highest branch, were last introduced among the animals. Of the classes of the vertebrates, the first that made its appearance, is the fishes. This is the lowest of the five classes. Ganoids, or the highest of the four orders of fishes, existed first among the class. In our next we will describe and classify the articulates.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROPHETIC.

[We give herewith an extract from an old diary, written during the revolutionary war. In these days of official corruption, it is read with peculiar interest.—ED. OUR WORK.]

Mr. Robert Morris began speaking of the letter, which it is rumored that *Nicola* wrote to General Washington, suggesting that he should be the king of this new nation. Mr. Morris said here lay our danger: in losing the liberties we had so hardly gained by endeavoring to set up in this new world governments copied from the old. The idea of a republic, he said, had not dawned in its completion on very many minds. A military despotism, hereditary government—whether we called the man at its head king, count, serene highness, or emperor—were alike unfitted to the genius and requirements of this western hemisphere, and would be alike disastrous.

My Uncle John said that he did not apprehend trouble from such cause; he thought the republican idea was pretty thoroughly sown over the land. Uncle says he fears our great trouble will be not possessing a simplicity of manners and style of living suitable to a republican government. He says that what he has seen of extravagance and folly in this city, even during these terrible war times, has made him fear that we in this country will try to ape other lands, not so much in their form of government as in the wastefulness and fashions of living; that republican men and women, instead of holding simplicity, sincerity, and learning as things of highest worth and most honoring to them, will think dress, entertainments, furniture, and grand equipage the best object of their ambition, that they may vie with the courts, and parades, and nobles of foreign countries.

My uncle continued: "This country, with all its future to make, with debts to pay, roads and public buildings to build, the ravages of war to repair; and the people, realizing themselves as all upon an equality, and supporting the government by revenues raised from among themselves, and subject to their own voice, will not choose to give their

officials enormous salaries to maintain them in a style far above that of the people whom they represent. Our farmers and artisans will not pay heavy taxes to support secretaries and congressmen and presidents in a magnificence of living which will teach them to despise those very farmers and artizans as an inferior race. If, with these moderate salaries, our public officers, chosen out of the people, and often men of no private fortunes, expect to keep establishments similar to those of foreign nobles of great hereditary property, and to give entertainments like those with which foreign rulers amuse their countries, then public honesty will be at a discount, official purity will be unequal to the temptation of the position, and we shall stand before the world disgraced, the people robbed by their representatives, brother bribing and plundering brother, the American government a laughing stock among the nations, as a band of thieves, a bold banditti crew flaunting in high places."

How Uncle John, as he spoke, reminded me of great grandfather! His whole soul was in what he was saying, for my uncle despises and detests extravagance and fashionable follies, for he says that these are never, and can never, be indulged except by robbing God and one's neighbor.

Mrs. Seaforth said, "Mr. Temple, you have shown a danger, a very great danger, to this country; where is the remedy?"

"I suppose," replied Uncle John, "that it is the one old remedy, good for all the evils in this world—godliness!"

"And," said Mistress Seaforth, "that godliness must begin at home. This extravagance and fashion, which you, sir, so deprecate, never can spring up and flourish without the aid of women. Very many men have a passion for grand style and large expenditures, and yet even if these men have judicious, honest-minded mothers, sisters, wives, they will find their follies checked. If you would stay the extravagance and love for show which you deplore as growing up here in America, you must begin with American women. A public officer whose wife is like the virtuous woman in Proverbs, will never be a defaulter; when you find women honest enough, and wise enough, to say of an expense, 'I can't afford it,'—women who will dare limit their expenses by their income, and who would blush to wear an unpaid for jewel, or a velvet which had been earned by swindling—women who will think themselves of worth for what they are in heart and brain, and not for what they wear—then you will be assured of incorruptible public men."

"You have started my wife on her especial hobby," said Mr. Seaforth.

"I would," replied Uncle John, "that she would so talk to these young women every hour in the day;" and indeed we girls and Bessie were hanging on her words, convinced of their truth and value. I think if all women and girls held views like Mistress Seaforth and Judith, the future prosperity of this country would be assured.

SCHOLARS vs. GRADUATES.

BY PROF. L. F. WATSON.

We are opposed to the present marking system which prevails in nearly all of our colleges. It leads to false ends of study, intellectual coldness, parrot-like repetitions, and superficiality on the part of students. It cripples the teacher's usefulness, distracts his attention, and

renders him in many cases a mere marking machine. Where this marking system prevails, the students recite for "grades." They soon learn to study, not with a determination to understand thoroughly the subject under consideration, but to get a high mark. It is no uncommon thing to hear students bragging about the great number of "tens" they have secured, yet it is seldom that any thing is said about the new things they are learning—the new fields they are exploring, and the beautiful flowers they are finding therein. It takes but a little while for students to learn that in their studies they can not in the time allotted get both a good *understanding* of the lesson and *commit* it so as to make a perfect recitation; and so this pernicious system of "marks" leads them to choose a "ten" rather than a complete understanding of the lesson before them.

If to get a perfect mark means a thorough knowledge of the lesson—its complete understanding—we would have fewer objections to urge against the system; but any teacher knows that a student can make a perfect recitation in every particular, demanding a perfect mark, and yet have not so good an understanding of the lesson as one who recites not near so well. The whole trouble is teachers put too much stress on a complete recitation. The hour should be devoted to something else than mere recitation. It is a time for the teacher to explain and illustrate difficult points, to lead out the students into a discussion of the subject, and to give them the advantage of the teacher's superior knowledge of the subject. Explanations by the teacher, even when given, are but little heeded, for the students are graded upon the lesson what the teacher offers. Again, in a large class he has no time to thus teach and explain, for all must be called upon to recite, or else how will he know how to "mark them all!" Many a live teacher has, however, taken the time and explained the lesson, opened to the students new channels of thought, and done, in spite of the system, some good teaching. This has been followed with the complaint: "The teacher is partial; he only called on a few to recite; he did not give me any chance to make up my grades. I could have made a ten, too, if I had had a chance."

Students might as well recite to an automatic recording machine. The teachers are so fettered by this system that they are not able to give any more than the text-book. We have often heard teachers say "my class is so large that we had to go over the lesson three or four times in order to give them all a chance to recite." What an interesting and profitable way to spend the hour! Teachers need to break loose from such a system in order that they may develop the life that lies under the dry shell of the book.

The student longs to be freed from this unsatisfying end of study. He feels that his time is not well spent, he already understands the lesson—it is true he can not recite it from beginning to end—yet he understands it, and now longs to make a little original investigation for himself. but he dares not do it for fear he will lose his rank. He crams himself for each recitation—he studies not to *know* but to *recite*—he crams for recitation during the whole term; he finishes the term with good reports but knows little. His memory must be disburdened of all this for next term—he can not retain it if he would. Term after term is thus spent; he incorporates little into his being, it is not his—never

has been—he only borrows it long enough to secure a ten; it can not stay with him after he leaves school. His college life is reviewed with but little pleasure; and in this way a college graduate and a scholar have grown to be any thing else than synonymous terms.

If students mastered the subject rather than the manual there would not be that fear of failure—not uncalled for—when some other than the regular teacher examines the class. The students have been reciting for grades, have learned how to answer, have found out the teacher's pet places—in short, have learned his style of teaching and not the subject. The teacher himself, hampered by this false system, has not had an opportunity to teach the subject, and he feels that the class has not mastered the work. He is as anxious to examine his own class as his students are desirous that he shall.

I see now before me the teacher of my youth, sitting stiffly at his desk, the grade cards in one hand and the lead-pencil in the other. The boy at my side has just finished reciting. All eyes are on the teacher's pencil! What figure will it trace? Alas! it was only an eight! I am called upon to recite the next topic. I know the lesson, but, alas! can not mention the topic. I ask: "Please, sir, mention the topic." "No, indeed, you know very well I demand the topics learned in order. *That* is a part of the lesson. Next." And down goes a zero for me, and all eyes see it. Is it just? How long will these topics be retained in the mind in the order of the book? Indeed, is it worth while to thus retain them! I have known classes that could *recite* by number every proposition in eight books of geometry, and yet were unable to *reason* well—entirely unacquainted with the steps lying between premise and conclusion. Many a student that promised well has had all of his originality killed within him by being marked zero on an insignificant article not recited when hours had been spent in careful study and research in connection with other and more important parts of the lesson.

Other evils present themselves. Studies are liked or disliked forever according to the grades, whether good or bad. "I like Prof. A. best, because he grades the highest of all," is a very common remark at school.

This system prevails at Yale, yet Mr. Atwater, of Yale, in speaking of it, says: "Study, which might have been made pleasant and agreeable, has been made a task. They could not put off their work whenever they felt indisposed for it, and so double a share at another time, for they knew that omitted lessons must be made up, and that these never received full credit. They could not give more attention to one study than another, for each alike was marked on that same scale of ten. All independent research, all comparative study, all the means of gaining a broad and enlightened scholarship were closed against the student, for he is expected to get perfect marks, and every moment must be spent in memorizing completely the few books placed before him by the faculty. At every point he is hedged in, crushed by this system devised with devilish ingenuity to compress all minds to its procrustean standard."

Let us throw it away: it has crippled our energies long enough. Let us put in its place searching examinations at frequent intervals, conducted by some other than the teacher. Let us do away with all the noise and clap-trap of oral ex-

aminations once a term, gotten up chiefly for show, and substitute the quiet yet searching written examination lasting the half of a fornoon. Let the real worth of study take the place of a false honor. Make the motors of intellectual progress a genuine love for study, interest in the subject, and a strong desire for thorough knowledge. When you have elicited the student's sympathies, and kindled an enthusiasm for the subject, the *scholar* can be produced as well as the *graduate*.

THOROUGHNESS.

BY H. M. EATON.

Will you allow me space in OUR WORK to say a word to the young men in our Christian schools? "Yes." Well, then, I will proceed. Young men, in all your studies *thoroughness* is to be aimed at. Though you may not expect to know every thing, you have some knowledge already, and are seeking to acquire more. This is right. That you may succeed in your studies, you should do nothing imperfectly or for mere show. To half know any thing is not useful knowledge, for there is danger of being deceived.

When the mariner "takes soundings," and his lead does not reach bottom, it does not aid him in determining the depth of water. So the man who has but very imperfect knowledge of any science, history, or other study, can not guess correctly what is beyond the bounds of his comprehension. A little work well done is of far more consequence than a good deal of work poorly performed. The boy who hoes one row of corn well, actually accomplishes more good than the boy who hoes two rows of corn very imperfectly. That young man makes a mistake who undertakes to do so much that he does nothing well. Never fire at the sun, but fire at a mark, at a reasonable distance from you, and hit it, if possible; then set your mark a little higher, and continue to do so through life.

If you can not take five studies and have perfect recitations, then take four, three, or even two, provided that is all you can do perfectly. It is far better for a man to have a deed of a small cottage than to own in several large buildings that are so heavily mortgaged that they will never profit the owner. This illustrates certainty and uncertainty.

The young man who can repeat ten verses from the Bible perfectly, has more knowledge of the Scriptures than he who can repeat twenty verses, but very imperfectly. A single word often determines the meaning of a text or statement. Be sure and remember that word. The man who knows is the man who is generally consulted, and whose opinion is universally respected. The young man who knows the names of all the principal rivers, lakes, and mountains in the United States, but can not definitely locate or describe them, has but very little knowledge of that branch of geography. The same remark would be true of any and all other subjects.

Thoroughness is a good foundation on which to build, and by constant application you can finally succeed in your efforts to obtain knowledge. Solomon says, "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding." Yes, "get understanding!"

Without the Spirit, St. Peter trembled at the voice of a maid-servant; with the Spirit, he withstood kings and princes. — *St. Jerome.*

AN ANTEDILUVIAN INCIDENT.

BY J. J. SUMMERBELL.

(Supposed.)

(As acted at an entertainment given by "Ye old folks" of the Christian Church social, Spring, Crawford County, Pennsylvania, April 5, 1876.)

(Do not confound Enos with Enoch.)

(Explanation to performers: The patriarchs represented are Enos, Cainan, Mahaleel, Jared, Methusalah, Lamech, and Noah; Enos being the oldest, and Noah the youngest. Take care that they appear, compared with each other, as their ages are given in the dialogue, and that all the accessory matters be appropriate.)

DIALOGUE.

Noah—(Crying upon the stage,) "Boo-hoo-boo," etc. (Enter Cain's descendant.)

Cain's Descendant—"Old man, what's the matter?"

Noah—"Don't call *me 'old man';* my name is Noah, and I'm only eighty-four years old."

Cain's Descendant—"Well, never mind, Noah; what's the matter?"

Noah—"Why, my father, Lamech, has been whipping me. Boo-hoo-hoo," etc.

Cain's Descendant—"Your *father!* Why, where is he?"

Noah—"There he comes now."

(Enter Lamech.)

Cain's Descendant—"Lamech, this old man says you have been whipping him."

Noah—"I tell you not to call me an old man; I'm only eighty four."

Lamech—"You mean my son Noah, there. Yes, and I'll whip him again if he does not behave himself."

Cain's Descendant—"What has he been doing?"

Lamech—"He's been throwing stones at his old grandfather, Methuselah, there."

(Enter Methuselah.)

Cain's Descendant—"His *grandfather!* You do not mean to say that Noah's grandfather is living, do you?"

Lamech—"Yes, *Methuselah's* grandfather is living. Noah, go and ask your great-great grandfather to come in."

(Noah calls Jared. Lamech offers a seat to Methuselah. Enter Noah and Jared; whereupon Methuselah gives his seat to Jared respectfully.)

Methuselah—"Grandfather Jared, this young man seems to be surprised that you are living. He seems to think we are old."

Jared—"Ah! I see. He belongs to the sinful race. He must be one of Cain's descendants. There is nothing astonishing in my being alive. I am only six hundred and eighty years old; but I have never enjoyed myself as well as before, since my son Enoch was translated when he was three hundred and sixty-five years old. But we must let this young man see my father, grandfather, and great grandfather. They are coming around, if they can."

Noah—"Here they come now."

(Enter Mahaleel, walking with a cane, but not stooping; Cainan, leaning upon two canes; Enos, stooping and walking with two crutches. Jared rises, and Enos takes his seat. Seats are brought by Noah for Cainan and Mahaleel. All are respectful to Enos. His hand shakes, and there are other signs of age. Jared introduces Cain's descendant to Mahaleel, Cainan, and Enos, who remain seated, as follows:)

Jared—"This is my father, Mahaleel; this is my grandfather, Cainan; this is my great grandfather, Enos.

He is an old man—nine hundred and five years old."

Enos—"Yes, I am an old man. I have felt my age ever since I had my attack of rheumatism, two hundred and thirty-nine years ago. I have never been active since. I sometimes feel as though my days were nearly numbered. But, Jared, there is your grandson, Methuselah, I would not wonder if he should live a thousand years. My grandfather, Adam, though, only lived nine hundred and thirty years."

(By this time the patriarchs should have arranged themselves according to their ages, Enos at one end, then Cainan, etc.)

Cain's Descendant—"Will you not all be kind enough now to give me your ages?"

Noah—"I am eighty-four years old."

Lamech—"I am two hundred and sixty-six."

Methuselah—"I am four hundred and fifty-three."

Jared—"I am six hundred and eighty."

Mahaleel—"I am seven hundred and forty-five."

Cainan—"I am eight hundred and fifteen."

Enos—"I am nine hundred and five. We are all alive; that is, the true line, except Adam, Seth, and Enoch. Enoch passed away from our midst while very young—only three hundred and sixty-five. He was Methuselah's father. Enoch was the only one among us who never sinned, and all of us, except Noah, remember him well—a most beautiful young man. It seemed as though he might live two or three thousand years. He was as beautiful as Adam, my grandfather; indeed, I may say, more beautiful; for I often saw them together. Adam often seemed unhappy and sorrowful, mourning on account of his sin in paradise, saying that if he had not sinned, perhaps Abel would not have been killed. But Enoch was as beautiful as the morning, always happy, no sign of a wrinkle or frown upon his face. All men acknowledged his goodness; yet some hated him. He was a prophet. God spake with him as with a friend. I often heard him talk of the coming of a being whom he called the Son of God. I know not what he meant. Sometimes men spake 'hard speeches' against Enoch. Perhaps it was on that account that God took him. He was never sick, never weak, and comparatively a young man when he left us. He told us that God would take him away, but we did not understand what he meant. Finally, he ascended to heaven, to God, whom he called his best friend, and we never saw him again. What a loss it was to the world! But we are thankful that he did not die."

Cainan—"Boys, will you please to sing something? Yes, the loss of Enoch was a great loss to the world. Yes, yes. Boys, sing something about the creation."

(The younger patriarchs here chant. Avoid the use of an instrument. Under no circumstances should a female voice be heard.)

An amendment to the state constitution has been introduced into the Connecticut House, declaring that clergymen shall not be eligible to election to the legislature while engaged in ministerial work. And the parson who resigns the ministry for such office is not fit for either position.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK—A SONG.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the meadow long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
And the fire in the west fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storm through his branches shout.

CHORUS—Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak.
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the sun with gold
Had clothed his branches gray,
On the grass at his feet, played children sweet,
In merry prattle at play.
And under his boughs they plighted their vows
To loved ones in after years;
Now they're gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid,
But the tree it still appears.

"On the grass at his feet played children sweet."

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Was a merry sound to hear,
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Was filled with good English cheer,
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be tossed on the stormy sea.

CHORUS—Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!

A NEW CHAPTER.

BY EVA LUTE.

1. These be the generations of Darwinians.

2. In the beginning were Atoms—self-existent—poised—and—moved.

3. And the Atoms clashed, clanged, and clattered from all eternity.

4. And lo! as the Atoms clashed and clattered and clanged, they, in the fullness of time, adapted themselves to their environment, and evoluted "Primordial Germs."

5. And the "Primordial Germs" developed into Protozoa.

6. And the Protozoa multiplied and filled the waters, and in process of time evoluted Radiata and Mollusca.

7. And the Radiata and Mollusca did grow and did fit; and the fittest survived and evoluted a family of Articulata, the Arachnidæ, the first Spinsters.

8. And the Arachnidæ evoluted the Apidæ, the first Mathematicians.

9. And the Articulata multiplied exceedingly, and filled the seas and the land; and after a sufficient time they evoluted the Batrachia, a family of the Vertebrata.

10. And the Batrachia evoluted the Ophidia.

11. And the Ophidia evoluted the Sauria.

12. And the Sauria evoluted the Testudinata.

13. And the Testudinata evoluted the Marsupialla.

14. And the Marsupialla evoluted the Cheiroptera.

15. And the Cheiroptera evoluted the Phocidæ.

16. And the Phocidæ evoluted the Ursidæ, or Upright-walkers.

17. And the Ursidæ evoluted the Chyromys, or Aye-ayes, the first Talkers.

18. And the Chyromys evoluted the Cebus, or Weepers.

19. And the Cebus evoluted the Mycetes, or Howlers.

20. And the Mycetes evoluted the Innus, or Cut-my-tail-offs.

21. And the Innus evoluted the Kahua, or Long Noses.

22. And the Kahua evoluted the Semnopitlucus, or Solemn Apes, the first Hypocrites.

23. And the Semnopitlucus evoluted the Hylobates, or Gibbons, the first Atheists.

24. And the Hylobates evoluted the Simia.

25. And the Simia evoluted the Gorillas.

26. And the Gorillas evoluted the Chimpanzees.

27. And the Chimpanzees evoluted Homo, or the prehistoric, from whom the Darwinians have descended.

28. And for that the Darwinians have twenty-six progenitors, there are therefore twenty-six letters in their alphabet.

29. And the first letter is A, for that it begins Atoms; and the last is the "superfluous zed," for which zoology has been invented, in order to give it importance.

30. And how the Darwinians lived and multiplied and survived, and adapted themselves to their environments and progressed, behold! it is written in the Book of the Chronicles of Natural Selection.

TEACHERS' WAGES.

In some parts of the country, school officers and teachers have consulted together and decided to reduce the wages of teachers. They are not satisfied with a moderate reduction, but in some instances have resolved to reduce one-half, and in *many* one-third.

Considering that teachers' wages have been very low heretofore, this step will render it almost impossible for teachers having families to sup-

port to live on the small pittance they are offered.

Teachers as a class do not demand exorbitant salaries; but the ladies or gentlemen that are worthy to be called teachers, desire at least wages that will enable them to present a respectable appearance in society. Parents should not feel willing to commit their children to the care of such persons as desire less. They surely know that such persons have no higher aspirations than to satisfy their animal natures. If they are willing to teach (?) for whatever may be offered them, they have not a true conception of the high calling of the teacher; they are not prompted by a desire that they, by their efforts, may add to the efficiency of our school system. It is true that they must not look alone to the pecuniary advantages; but they should not be willing to teach unless they are sufficiently remunerated to enable them to live comfortably; and also to purchase such works upon the subject of teaching as have been recommended by eminent educators. It is also necessary that they annually spend a few dollars for scientific works. Now the question is, where must we look for help? Must teachers that have gained a reputation for their success, and devotion to school duties, accept these small wages, or refuse and take the chance of getting something else to do? If they accept it will be next to impossible to get wages raised to what they were; and if they refuse, our schools will in many instances be filled with persons very poorly fitted to discharge their duties. These questions we must decide. Some will find it necessary to accept the small pittance offered them. Others, and not a few, will refuse to be ground lower down than they now are.

If it is to the interest of our people to sustain schools, it must certainly be to their interest to pay wages that will enable them to secure the services of competent teachers. If not to our interest, then I say do away with them altogether. If not beneficial, why support them at all?

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BRACHIOPOD.

Miss Flora McMillan's Graduating Essay, Read on Commencement-Day at Starkey Seminary, June 29, 1876.

I first came to this earth hundreds of thousands of years ago. My home was in that part of the country where are now the Trenton falls. I am a relative of the oysters and clams, and resemble them very much in some respects. We are both the descendants of the molluscan family; but I, in particular, am from the tribe of brachiopods. They thought me a wonderful animal when I was young, so the elders of my family, after a long and serious consultation, decided to call me Orthis Testudinaria, meaning a tortoise-shaped little animal with straight hinge line which probably applied best to my personal appearances. I was very happy for a time, for then the earth was nearly all one great, though shallow, sea. The air above was filled with many impurities. Yet we were very contented at the bottom of that vast extent of clear water, which was always kept in the warm temperature adapted for our progress. About me were worms, corals, the crab, with his brother lobster, and other brothers and sisters of the crustacean family. What little dry land appeared was inhabited by no living animal, neither was it covered with luxuriant foliage, for there was nothing but marine life. Such was this place we are now dwelling in one hundred million years or more ago. Daily the shells of my numer-

ous friends and neighbors were ground up by the action of the waves into minute particles, which formed in vast layers of limestone or marble, some of which since then has been converted by skillful hands into palatial dwellings. Do you who walk on marble pavements ever stop to consider what it is you are treading on? Even I found myself to my great sorrow imbedded in one of these rocks; but, thanks to the hardness of my coverings, I had received but little damage. After a time many of the submerged places, by the movements of the earth's crust, became dry, so that more than half of this state, besides other places, was now dry land. I felt rather curious when I found myself for the first time out of water. I confess I was homesick, when I beheld the gloomy sight and saw the rocks barren and void of the green covering which delights all eyes. I felt at first inclined to grumble at the fortune which had cast me here; but only for a time. I saw many things why it was best it should be thus. Especially when fishes came I knew I would have had a hard time of it, for the jaws of some were paved with broad bony pieces making horrible grinders with which they gnashed to pieces the poor shell animals. With the coming of fishes vegetation also appeared. I was delighted with the forests, though of the lower order of plants. I envied and hated the insects which moved through them at their leisure, while I—but my fortune was far different. Perhaps I watched with more interest the period when the continents at successive intervals consisted to a great extent of dry or marshy land; a period in which the great mass of coal, which is daily and yearly consumed, was formed.

That was not an age beautified by the bright rays of the sun, but a time of prevailing mists and clouds. During all of these years that had already passed there had been but few disturbances of the earth, so that I had rested in comparative quiet. At length this rest came to a close, and there was great confusion by the uplifting of rocks, and eruptions of the earth's surface, which was the beginning of the great mountain making. One day, while I was quietly wandering through the land of dreams, I was violently brought back to my senses by the shock of an earthquake. Modern earthquakes are nothing in comparison with those we had then. Every thing about me, and myself included, seemed to dance a jubilee. Then came the crisis, when a piece of the rock in which I was fast went tumbling and rolling headlong. Every place we past seemed a trembling mass, and to send us on with greater rapidity. I, sick and dizzy with fear, and going, for aught I knew, to the lower regions, gave myself up as lost, and knew no more. In a quiet place, where the green trees in the distance sent cool and refreshing breezes, I at last took up my next place of residence. How far this was from where I formerly lived, I know not. During my sojourn here I witnessed many interesting sights; for then came the age in which reptiles held sway over the earth. They were large in number as well as in size. Oftimes have I shuddered as some dreadful reptile approached me, or the huge snakes dragged their great slimy coils above me. Again I blessed the time that had delivered me from the waters, as I saw the monstrous sea serpents, many feet in length, ruling the deep. Hitherto the climate had been uniform throughout, not colder than warm temperate. There came a time of freezing cold, which was due to the high elevation of the continents

in some places and depression in others. Immense were the glaciers which surrounded me on all sides. The coldest ride I ever took was at this time, while frozen fast in a huge glacier. By degrees the climate succeeding this piercing cold grew warmer, which was hailed by all as joyfully as is spring after a long and severe winter. This warmer period caused a melting to go on widely over the surface, making great floods. The waters swept over the country where I lay in great rivers, taking all the objects within their reach. I did not escape the wrath of the torrents; but was carried on and on by the swift-flowing current. Gradually the waters abated, and I was again delivered up to the wonders of terrestial life. It was on the banks of what afterward became a beautiful lake that I was deposited after my wearying conflict with the floods. Never was scenery more beautiful than that which surrounded me after every thing had recovered from the effects of the ice. The green hills, touched by the bright sun and the clear waters of the lake, reflecting every change of the blue sky overhead, grew to be my chief delights. All species of plants were at length distributed everywhere. The earth had also been inhabited by all kinds of animals, except one; then came that one, man, the worst looking animal I had ever seen. Each object has been produced, and, reaching its culmination, has dwindled down. So man arose. Will he also after a season of thriving decline and be followed by some other phenomena? In this same place I lived through many changing years. Sometimes people passed me, being too much taken up with the beautiful Seneca, as they said, to notice me. One luckless day, after repeated blows at the rock in which I was placed, I was clutched by greedy hands. Many a look was cast at me as I was rapidly conveyed to a seminary not far distant. Who they were who layed death and destruction in my old home, I know not, but they were probably some of those wonderful geological students of Starkey. In the great cabinet of this well known school I was placed after many speculations concerning me. Lying here day after day on the hard shelves, I dream day-dreams, or for a change contrast the present time with years ago, when the fair countenances and rosy cheeks of ladies were not produced by a too intimate acquaintance with the paint-box. The homespun clothes gave just as much satisfaction as the finest silk and broadcloths now. People lived longer, too. than the delicate mortals now, perhaps because horses that could trot a mile in 2:14 were rather scarce, or because "crooked" whisky was unknown to them, for they generally took theirs straight! When I look back through the hundred million years of the past to the time when the earth was young and my race was the dominal race, do I see any such insults to nature? No! not one.

THE PERSECUTED ASTRONOMER.

It was a still, clear night in the month of May. 1543; the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and all the world slept in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland — all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thought; but in his eye glowed the fire of

genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindliness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks upon his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived; the long, straight robe, with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

This old man was the great astronomer, *Nicholas Copernicus*, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine; titular canon of Wernica; and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, etc. Copernicus had just completed his great work "On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." In the midst of poverty, ridicule and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the end of his career, just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical science. On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book which his disciple, Rheticus, was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify, for the last time, the results of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for his purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to grow pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument, which he had constructed with his own hands out of three pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of a doubt remained; and, overpowered by the conviction that he had INDEED destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus kneeled in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and folding his attenuated hands across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these his glorious works. He then returned to the table, and seizing a pen, he wrote on the title-page of his book—"Behold the work of the greatest and the most perfect artisan: the work of God himself." And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded, with a collected mind, to write the dedication of his book:

"To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III.: I dedicate my work to your holiness, in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanders, notwithstanding the proverb which says that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, etc.

"NICHOLAS COPERNICUS,
"Of Thorn."

Soon the first dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leaned his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. After sixty years of labor, he in truth needed repose. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration: it was abridged by the entrance of an aged servant, who, with slow and heavy step, ascended the tower stairs.

"Master," said he to the canon, as

he gently touched him upon the shoulder, "the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is only waiting for your proof-sheets and letters."

The astronomer rose, made up the packet which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair as if wearied by the effort.

"But that is not all," continued the servant; "there are ten poor sick people in the house waiting for you; and besides, you are wanted at Frauenberg to look after the water-machine which has stopped working; and, also, to see the three workmen who have broken their legs in trying to set it going again."

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Copernicus; "let my horse be saddled directly." And with a resolute effort, shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eye-lids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower. The house of Copernicus was, in outward appearance, one of the most unpretending in Wernica; it was composed of a laboratory in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as in science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome and Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlor on the ground-floor, which was ever open to all who came to him for remedies, for money or for food. Over the door an oval aperture had been cut through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical *gnomon*, or dial-hand, of Copernicus; and the only ornament the room contained was some verses written by his own hand and pasted up over the chimney-piece. It was in this parlor that the good canon found the ten invalids who had come to claim his assistance; he dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to others, and on all he bestowed alms and words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labors, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out for Frauenberg, when a horsemen, galloping up to the door. handed him a letter.

He trembled as he recognized the handwriting of his friend Gysius, Bishop of Culm. "May God have pity on us," wrote this latter, "and avert the blow which now threatens thee. Thy enemies and thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets; the priests excommunicate thee from their pulpits; and the university, hearing that the book was about to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing presses of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late!"

Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horsemen, who had been charged to escort him back, asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

"I must set out directly," replied the old man, in a resigned tone; "but not for Nuremberg or for Culm; the suffering workmen at Frauenberg are expecting me; they may perhaps die if I go not to their assistance. My enemies may perhaps destroy my work—they can not stop the stars in their courses!"

An hour later, Copernicus was at

Frauenberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon this town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of the River Bouda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering, like their fathers, from continued drought, had now only to turn a valve, and the plenteous stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.

This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very inopportunely, because, according to the superstitions of the age, this was the festival of the "patron saint" of Frauenberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water again flowed freely into the town. His first cares, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy men who had received injuries while working in the sluices; he set their fractured limbs, and bound them up with his own hands, then, commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return and visit them on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself which was destined to crush him to the dust. As he crossed the square, while passing through the town on his return home, he perceived, amidst the crowd, a company of strolling players acting upon a temporary stage. The theater represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all sorts of ridiculous instruments; in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing were in exact imitation of those of Copernicus.

The resemblance was so striking that he directly recognized himself and paused, stupefied with astonishment. Behind the Merry Andrew, whose business it was thus to hold up the great man to public derision, there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated him as a representation of Satan, and who caused the pretended Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears—which were no other than asses' ears of considerable dimensions.

The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and tramped a crucifix under foot; in the second, he explained his system by juggling with apples in guise of planets, while his head was transformed into a likeness of the sun by means of torches of resin; in the third, he became a charlatan, a vender of pomatum and quack medicines—he spoke dog-Latin to the passers-by; sold them water which he had drawn from his own well at an exorbitant price, and became intoxicated himself with excellent wine, in such copious draughts of which did he indulged, that he finally disappeared under the table; in the fourth and closing act he was again dragged forth to view as one accursed of God and man; and the devil, dragging him down to the infernal regions amidst a cloud of sulphurious smoke, declared his intention of punishing him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downward throughout eternity.

When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole life held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his enlightened faith branded as impiety, and his self-denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself, of mankind, and even of Providence itself, rushed upon his mind.

At first he hoped that the Frauenbergians, the children of his adoption, to whose comfort and happiness he had devoted himself for fifty years, would cut short the disgraceful scene. But, alas! he saw his defamers welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by the emotions and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labors of the morning, he sunk exhausted to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognize their benefactor; the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip—they heard that he had come that very morning to the town in order to relieve their distress. In a moment the current of popular feeling was turned—their ingratitude was quickly changed to remorse—the crowd dispersed the actors, and pressed anxiously around the astronomer. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days—days of trial and anxiety—during which the lamp of genius and of faith still shed its halo around the dying man. On the day succeeding his visit to Frauenberg, a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the Bishop of Culm. Thrice had the students of the university made an attempt to invade the printing office whence the truth was about to issue forth. "Even this very morning," wrote his friend, "a set of madmen tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts either day or night, guarding the entrance and keeping watch over the workmen. The printers perform their work with one hand while they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand our ground for two days, thy book is saved; for let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. But if either to-day or to-morrow, our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand" * * * Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want—he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day another messenger made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings: "A compositor, gained over by our enemies, has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book, and it has been burned in the public square. Happily the impression was complete, and we are now putting it into press. But a popular tumult might yet ruin all?"

Such was the state of suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence! Life was ebbing fast, and the torpor of death had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloped up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom; it was the great work of Copernicus; *this* messenger brought tidings of victory.

The spark of life, so nearly extinguished, seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man; he raised himself in his bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, and glanced at its contents with his dim, expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features; the book fell from his grasp; and, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed: "Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace!" Hardly had he uttered these words before his spirit fled from earth to return to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the 23d of May—day had not yet dawned—heaven was still lighted up with

stars—the earth was fragrant with flowers—all nature seemed to sympathize with the great revealer of her laws; and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed his earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the devout astronomer.

Persecutions followed Copernicus even in the grave. The court of Rome replied to his dedication by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of its own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome herself, which at last recognized, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling-house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last oboles* to raise a monument to his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him in Warsaw.

THE SPICE.

A lad from the Ridge was in town Saturday to inquire when the fall term opened at the cemetery.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Mark Twain, a few months after his first baby was born, was holding it on his knee. His wife said, "Now confess, Samuel, that you love the child." "I can't do that," replied the humorist, "but am willing to admit that I respect the little thing for it's father's sake."

Two impertinent young fellows called out to a farmer who was sowing seed in his field, "Well done, old fellow; you sow, we reap the fruits." "Maybe you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."

A Dutchman and an Irishman once met on a lonely highway. As they met each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked, "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, and it's nathur of us." The Dutchman replied, "Yaw, dat is dru. I vas anuder man, and you ish not yourself. We both be some vone else."

The inconsistencies of our orthography are something fearful to contemplate. T-o-n-g-u-e spells "tongue," and the man who first spelled it should have been hongue. A-c-h-e spells "ache," and that's all you can mache out of it. E-i-g-h-t spells "eight," no matter how you depreceight the idea. And that a-i-s-l-e should spell "aisle," and f-e-i-g-n "feign," is enough to make any body smaisle if the effort is not too peignful.

The following has been handed to us by a county superintendent:

Geography:

Question 1.—What is the commercial metropolis of Indiana? of Ohio? of Illinois? of Missouri?

Answer.—"The commercial metropolis of Indiana is *agriculture*, of Ohio *coal*, of Illinois *hay*, of Missouri *mineral*."

A red-haired lady, who was ambitious of literary distinction, found but a poor sale for her book. A gentlemen in speaking of her disappointment, said, "Her hair is red (read) if her book is not." An auditor, in attempting to relate the joke elsewhere, said, "She has red hair, if her book hasn't."

A beer brewer has patented a new beverage called "Jewish beer." He brews it himself, you know.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* Don't Jewish you had some?—*Boston Globe.* Shame! This "Israelly" too bad—*Wor. Press.* But "Judea" people, the beer Israel-

*A small coin.

ite and pleasant.—*Prov. Jour.* Scribes, cease this Babylon. You deserve a "Canaan" for your Levite-y.—*Boston Adv.* Jerusalem! What awful *Jews d'esprit.* Mos' es bad as if we perpetrated them ourselves.—*Norristown Herald.* I Jewish you would return to the question. It's "Wandering Jew" are. After all, we'll have to "Aaron" our beer.

A school boy being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system —the heavy strokes upward, and the down ones light."

A spread-eagle orator wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out, "You'd be shot for a goose before you had flied a mile."

A confidential clerk in a Chicago cattle-yard has just skipped out with several thousand dollars. The New York *Commercial* thinks he has probably taken passage for Cowes.—*Ex.* Steer-age passage, perhaps, eh? Yes; and from Cowes he goes direct to Oxford, to study law out of sheep-skin volumes; he wouldn't be the first mutton-head that does it. The motto of his first dissertation will, of course, be in *hog signo vinces.*

There is nothing Satan so much enjoys as to see a Christian cease his activity and let his hands hang idly down. What a time of rejoicing he has when a Christian goes to sleep! He will do more to accomplish this than any thing within his power. Awake, then, sleeping ones; for hell is no place for gladness.

The $2.000-salaries at Indiana University have been reduced to $1,800, and the law-professor salaries from $2,250 to $2,000.

OUR WORK.

A Christian Educational Monthly.

Published on the 15th of each month.

Prof. L. F. WATSON, Publisher & Prop'r.

MRS. DRUE P. WATSON, Editor.

Pres't T. C. SMITH, Prof. B. F. McHENRY, Rev. J. J. SUMMERBELL, Associate Editors.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

EXPLANATORY.—Continued sickness on the part of the junior member of our family has so engaged the editor's attention and time this month that the editorial work has devolved upon our esteemed co-laborer for life, *Mr.* Watson.

We trust that hereafter as heretofore the editor may be able to attend to the work herself.

WESTERN INDIANA CONFERENCE.—We spent a very happy and profitable week at the session of the above-named conference, held at Eel River Church, near Jamestown, Indiana. This conference embraces some forty churches, situated in eight or ten different counties, with about forty ministers and licentiates. Among the most prominent members are Elder A. R. Heath, who has been so long identified with the best interests of Union Christian College, Elders W. T. Warbinton, J. T. Phillips, president of the conference, Joel Thomas, J. Robertson, L. W. Bannon, and A. Carney. This session also enjoyed the presence and help of Elders Simonton and Hoag, of Ohio, Woodward, Hurt, and Fischer, of the Methodist Church, and Shirly, of the Baptist Church.

The first meeting was only preparatory, and was chiefly occupied in

assigning delegates and members to their homes during the session. The next day was devoted to reports of churches, ministers, and licentiates. While most were good we noticed that the Merom Church made the best report for the past year, showing a church alive to every good word and work, and, unlike all the other churches of the conference, it had *not* neglected to observe the quarterly collections for the four great public enterprises of the church. The reports of the ministers showed great faithfulness and arduous work in the ministry with meager compensations.

Friday afternoon and Saturday forenoon was given to the hearing and adopting of the reports of committees.

OUR WORK received a hearty indorsement. The following resolution, offered by the Committee on Publications, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we hail with delight the publication of OUR WORK, so ably conducted, and proving to be such a valuable auxiliary to the educational work of our people, and, further, that we will give this new educational monthly our encouragement and support.

Elder W. T. Warbinton and others publicly recommended the magazine, and as a result we obtained many new subscriptions. OUR WORK has received like indorsements and material aid from many other conferences, including the *New Jersey Christian Conference*, within whose bounds originated the first and only opposition the publication has received.

On the subject of education the conference took a deeper interest than ever before. The claims of Union Christian College were presented by many: students arose and testified to its worth, mothers, with tears in their eyes, spoke of what the college had done for them and their children, ministers who had enjoyed its advantages were earnest in adding their testimony to its efficiency. There was but one voice, and that was, "God bless Union Christian College!"

The address by the president of conference, Elder John T. Phillips, was happy in thought, and most excellent in execution. The advice to the young men in the ministry was certainly needed, and we trust that it may also be heeded: young men who have been called to preach are also called to read and study, and to show themselves workmen approved unto God. This conference, by a sad experience, has learned to exercise more care in recommending candidates for the ministry. Not every one that can pray loud, and exhort freely, and has an abundance of self-conceit, is called to preach. We are very glad to see that there is a growing sentiment among the Christians in favor of a ministry that is strong, pure, cultured, and devoted. And why not? Why should not our ministers be to the fullest extent possible examples of neatness, physical purity, and piety?

The discourses by Elders Simonton, Bannon, Thomas, Hoag, Heath, and Simons, were good and well received. The love-feast on Saturday night was truly a feast of love—heavenly and brotherly—a feast of good things, a rich repast spread in the presence of the Lord?

We had the pleasure of meeting many old Union Christian College students, including Prof. Blacklidge, who has charge of the Jamestown schools. We saw many others—young men and women—who bade us adieu only for a time, promising to attend the college during the year. There were a great many, however, we grasped by the hand

for the last time on earth, with a prayer that death might "find us at our post."

EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.—The educational exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition is, in our opinion, a failure. It indicates either a lack of interest in the subject, or else a wonderful stupidity on the part of the commissioners of education. The whole thing is disjointed; most of the states have alcoves in a narrow gallery on the south side, Massachusetts fills a portion of the gallery on the east end, and Pennsylvania has a large and elegant building of its own. This last-named state is the only one that is allowed to make any thing like a creditable display, and this is due mainly to the Hon. J. P. Wickersham, state school superintendent. Indiana, in its narrow limits, up a long flight of stairs, has made the best of the situation, but there is no room for such a display as the subject offers and the material demands. It is said that about fifteen per cent. of the people in attendance visit the Pennsylvania Educational Exhibit. This is rather a poor showing,—but the visitors in the educational departments of other states form less than two per cent. of the number within the grounds. This is due mainly to the inconvenient place assigned; and the crowded condition of the display incident to the narrow limits. There should have been a grand educational pavilion, in which might have been arranged by territories a complete and classified exhibit of our educational advancement. The whole exhibit could have been studied by subjects, each state occupying as many different positions as its variety might demand. In this way, also, the comparative exhibit of each state could have been ascertained readily. In the department of school furniture there would have been a fair representation from each state, yet Illinois probably would have had the largest. In the Kindergarten department some states would have had no exhibit. And thus throughout the various departments of pupils' work, drawing, school cabinets, histories, etc., etc., the subjects could have been studied as a whole, and by states. In view of this failure, we second the motion made by the *Ohio Teachers' Monthly*, that at an early date there be held a National Educational Exposition in some central city, and that a certain part of each day be devoted to institute work. "Any remarks?"

A CENTENNARIAN.—In the last number of OUR WORK mention was made of one George Fruits as the oldest person living in the United States, and whose picture graced the walls of the reception-room of the Indiana State Building, Centennial Exposition. With sorrow do we learn of his death, which took place early in August, at his home near Crawfordsville, Indiana, aged 114 years.

We clip the following from *Harper's Weekly*, of September 9th:

"When Mr. Fruits was in his prime he was full six feet three inches in hight, and weighed 230 pounds. He was straight, athletic, and possessed remarkable strength. He lived a temperate life; his food had ever been plain and wholesome; he was never sick in his life. His eyesight was good, but he heard with great difficulty. He had been bald for many years, but within the last two years a fine growth of new hair had appeared, and a new set of teeth was coming through the gums at the time of his death. His wife, to whom he was married seventy years ago, survives him. She is eighty-nine years old. They have

had thirteen children, eleven of whom are still living."

OUR SCHOOLS.—We are quite well pleased with the openings at our schools. While academies and colleges all over the land are complaining of *very small* classes, we can report a pretty fair attendance,— not up to the usual standard however,— but yet not such a reduction as was feared. Starkey leads the way with over one hundred in attendance; Union Christian College has enrolled over seventy-five, and many more are yet to come in; Weaubleau has a full attendance; Proctor numbers about thirty; and Le Grand opens with an enthusiasm not known for years.

Again, let us say, as we have said many times before, *please* WORK *for a better attendance at our schools.* Let us also learn to patronize our own institutions. They are worthy—all worthy. Why educate at other schools when our own are as good? Why keep our children at home, denying them the advantages of an education, in order to save money, when we can leave them an inheritance not half so valuable as a good Christian education! See to it, that your children are educated. See to it NOW.

WE now go to press on the 23d of each month. Articles for publication must be received before that date. We want news from old students. Please write us a letter,— don't be afraid to write about yourself. It is yourself we are all interested in.

TO THE student at any one of our schools sending us the neatest and best prepared paper containing all the following mistakes corrected, we will give a neat book of sixty-two pages entitled "*Reunion Exercises at Union Christian College*, 1875." The names of the contestants will be published.

He sat my hat on the table.
He set down on my hat.
I feel badly.
I come in late to class.
Has the bell rang?
The bed was shook up.
That is wrote obscurely.
She hasn't spoke to me.
He has drove the horse hard.
Charles has ate the peach.
James has did his problem.
Air consists in oxygen and nitrogen.
I am angry at him.
The five boys divided the apple between themselves.
He went in the house.
The dog jumped on the chair.
Harry is a mighty nice boy.
We had an awfully good time.
I feel tolerable well.
This chalk breaks easy.
The orange tastes sweetly.
Give me a soon and direct answer.
I did not see airy one.
Return as quick as you can.
The town is situated on rather a narrow strip of land.
This case has no resemblance with the other.
"Teacher, can I pass the water?"

OUR EXCHANGES.

INDIANA SCHOOL JOURNAL, edited and published monthly by Bell & Brown, is still foremost in the ranks of educational monthlies. The September number contains more selected and less original matter than usual. Subscription price $1.60.

THE SCHOOL, edited by Prof. Bellows, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, is one of our best exchanges. The August number contains a good article by the editor on the "Educational Ex-

hibit at the Centennial." "The Desk" is a very readable department.

THE CAPITOL, of the Detroit High School, still abounds in well *selected* matter. The fight against the eastern colleges is still continued.

OHIO EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY, subscription price, $1.50, Prof. W. D. Henkle, editor, Salem, Ohio, comes to us regularly to interest and instruct. It well deserves its large patronage. "Teachers' Wages," in this number of OUR WORK, is selected from this excellent journal.

THE JENKINTOWN PESTLE, for September, contains valuable articles on "Tides," "Languages," and "Matrimony." Joseph Ferguson, M. D., editor, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania.

THE WESTERN, for July, is replete with instructive articles. The most noticeable ones are "Memory in Education," by L. F. Soldan; "Shakespeare's Comedies," by D. J. Snider; and "Pronunciation of Latin," by George B. MacLellan. Its "Book Reviews" are excellent. Two dollars per annum. H. H. Morgan, St. Louis, editor.

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, edited and published by the undergraduates of Yale College, is a very welcome exchange. The literary department is original and able. The editorial department is all "Boating" and "Base Ball." The students must patronize largely the billiard and liquor saloons of New Haven, as most of the fourteen pages of advertisements are devoted to advertising these sinful establishments. One W. H. Brown advertises his billiard saloon as "the best place for students to spend leisure moments," and the editor adds, in his local notices, "Do not fail to call on 'Billy' Brown." Abel's "Quiet House," where is kept Burton ale, fine wines, and "Welch Rarebits," is particularly recommended by the editor as "a favorite resort." God grant that our moral sensibilities may never be so blunted!

THE LITERARY REPORTER, of Quincy, Michigan, only sixty cents a year, is the cheapest paper we know of. C. W. Bennett.

NEW ERA, Hermitage, Missouri, is a good local paper.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Science teaches us that the crust of our earth is perpetually moving, and that the sea level is constantly changing. Our globe has its daily rotation on its axis and its yearly revolution about the sun. The sun, with all its satellites, sweeps on toward a moving point in the constellation Hercules. Every so-called fixed star is in motion. Fifty thousand years ago the constellation of the Great Bear or Dipper was a starry cross; a hundred thousand years hence the imaginary Dipper will be upside down, and the stars which form the bowl and handle will have changed places. The misty nebulæ are moving, and besides are whirling around in great spirals, some one way, some another. Every molecule of matter in the whole universe is swinging to and fro; every particle of ether which fills space is in jelly-like vibration. Light is one kind of motion, heat another, electricity another, magnetism another, sound another. Every human sense is the result of motion; every perception, every thought is but motion of the molecules of the brain translated by that incomprehensible thing we call "mind." The processes of growth, of existence, of decay, whether in worlds or in the minutest organisms, are but motion.

A larger number and greater variety of ideas can be conveyed, with more exactness, in a given number of words in the English language than in almost any other. This is strikingly shown in the matter of telegraphy. It has been demonstrated that, for all telegraphic purposes, the English language is from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. cheaper than the French, German, or any other language.

Carefully caged in New York Central Park Museum are two young cubs. They are four or five months old, a pair, lion and lioness, fine healthy little creatures, and are nearly old enough to be shown to the public. They are the progeny of the pair of beasts, known as Lincoln and Jenny, in the museum. But the mother being from some cause unable to nurse them, they were at once given to a large terrier whose puppies were taken away, and who plays the part of a foster-mother. She seems, indeed, as fond of the cubs as if they were her own offspring, and covers them with caresses, though they are nearly as big as she is. It is a curious fact that lions reared in captivity are not as gentle as those captured and tamed. The parents of these cubs, which were caught when wild, and tamed, are very tractable, while some of the other lions which were born and brought up in the museum are sullen and ferocious.

The celebrated clock at Westminster (London, England), has 400 square feet of dial surface. The minute hands are 11 feet long. Although the hands are all counterpoised, the entire weight of hands, counterpoises, tubes, and wheels which has to be moved at every beat of the pendulum, is not less than 1½ tuns. The going weight is 1½ hundered weight, and the clear fall is 170 feet. It takes five hours to wind this clock up by hand. Huge as the great machine is, it shows an error of less than 1 second on 83 per cent. days in the year.

The *Medical Times* says that the test employed for selecting the men for the British Arctic Expedition consisted in making each candidate stand with his bare feet on a cube of ice. Those who endured the longest were chosen.

An English contemporary suggests that the health of sailors and the comfort of life on board ship would be promoted if the practice were introduced of eating the rats which swarm in most ships. There is really no reason why rats should not be eaten as well as rabbits and squirrels. They are clean feeders, and extremely particular as to keeping their bodies free from dirt. Rats which have existed in the hold of a grain-carrying ship might be a toothsome delicacy.

Corn-fed hens do not lay in winter, for the simple reason there is no albumen material in the corn. When wheat is given to them, there is fat enough in it to supply all that is needed for the yolk, and albumen enough to make the white and lime enough to furnish the shell; it does not thus seem difficult to understand why corn-fed hens should not lay, as they do not, and why wheat-fed hens should lay, as they do.

The coarse long hair from the neck of an old chamois, if drawn between the finger and thumb from the root to the point, becomes positively electrified, but if drawn in the reverse direction it becomes negatively electrified.

Shingle roofs can be made doubly durable by giving them a coat of thin oil before they get wet.

A piece of wood cut from a tree is a good conductor; let it be heated and dried, it becomes an insulator; let it be baked to charcoal, it becomes a good conductor again; burn it to ashes, and it becomes an insulator once more.

The largest flouring mill in America, it is said, is owned by Hon. C. C. Washburn, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. It is seven stories high, and crowded with machinery from top to bottom. Its cost was $300,000, has forty run of burrs, and turns out 1,000 barrels of flour per day.

While tunneling into the side of Mount McLellan, Colorado, last year, the explorers came upon ground solidly frozen ninety feet from the surface. The question is how the frost got in, as there was no crevice through which it could enter.

The horse-power of waterfalls is found by multiplying the number of pounds of water which fall per minute by the length of the fall in feet, and dividing the product by 33,000.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES.

Mars and the moon rise together on the 15th at 4:09 A. M.

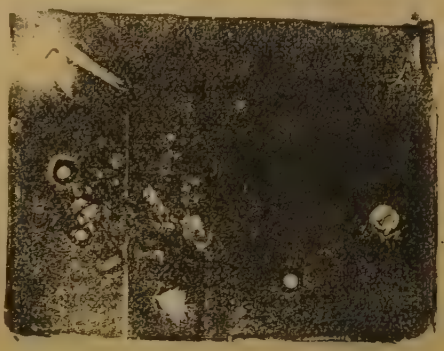
ASPECT OF PLANETS.—Venus is still the morning star, rising about fifteen minutes before three on the morning of the 15th of the month. It has lost the brilliancy it had when an evening star last spring. Venus and the moon pass within two degrees of each other on the morning of the 13th.

Jupiter sets earlier each evening. It may still be seen in the southwest just after sunset, very close to the horizon. It is readily distinguished, as it is the brightest star in that quarter of the heavens. It sets about 7 o'clock, in the middle of the month. On the evening of the 20th, this planet and the moon set only three degrees apart—the moon being the first to disappear.

Saturn is very easily observed now. It is directly south a little after nine o'clock, on the evening of the 15th. It is very bright in the east at sunset. Its present brilliancy is due to its position in reference to the earth. Both of these planets are now on the same side of the sun, and hence we are nearer, by 183,000,000 of miles, than we will be in six months from now. By means of even inferior telescopes the rings of Saturn can now be seen and studied.

CONSTELLATIONS.

The prominent constellation in the west is *Corona Borealis*, or Northern



Crown. It consists of six bright stars arranged in a semi-circular form; the fourth counting from the left is the brightest, and is called Alphecca. To the right of the Crown is *Bootes*, the bear-driver. The brightest star in the west, just above the horizon at sunset, is *Arcturus*, which is the principal star of this constellation last named. It is spoken of in the ninth chapter of Job and ninth verse. It travels, in its orbit, over 3,000 miles in a minute, or more than three times as fast as the earth. It takes its light to reach the earth over twenty-six years. In other words, if Arcturus

were blotted out of existence, it would take us twenty-six years to become aware of the fact.

Low in the southwest is *Scorpio*, sometimes called the Kite. This constellation stretches through twenty-five degrees. It is just behind Jupiter. The four bright stars curved back from Jupiter, form the head of the Kite; *Antares*, a red star of the first magnitude, forms the middle of the Kite; the tail stretches away down below the horizon, traced by a continuous line of stars. This is the Scorpion in mythology, that came from the earth, at Juno's command, and stung Orion. They were placed in the heavens as constellations one hundreth—eighty degrees apart, and hence are never visible at the same time.

A WISE ARRANGEMENT!

We will have something to say of Orion when it becomes visible.

COLLEGE PERSONALS.

Emmery Spade is attending the Keokuk Commercial College.

A. J. Clark will teach school near Lebanon, Indiana, the coming year.

Lillis Austin and Kate Knight retured from the Centennial the middle of last month, much pleased.

Prof. F. O. Burdick remains at Sharon, Wisconsin, another year, with increased salary.

Frank Gray will teach another year at his old stand, two miles west of Sullivan.

Scott Gray teaches in the district adjoining Frank's. They are both good teachers.

Charles Hawkins is clerking in Malone's drug store, Palestine, Illinois.

Dick T. Morgan is reading law at Terre Haute, with the Hon. I. N. Pierce.

LaRue Gordon has rented the farm of Ruddell Brothers, in Crawford County, Illinois, and will occupy it the coming year.

Ephraim Kibby and Daniel Foster have both married recently. The names of the happy girls are unknown to the writer.

Prof. M. S. Wilkinson has taken charge of the Bowling Green (Ind.) schools the coming year, at a salary of $720.

Married, in Elyra, Ohio, June 21, 1876, by the Rev. Mr. Lyon, Ensign Hammond, of Taylor, Illinois, to Dora E. Roberts, of Elyra, Ohio.

Married, by the Rev. S. D. Bowker, July 19th, E. M. Tarvin and Mary E. Sanders, all of Sunshine, Colorado.

Isaac J. Byers and wife will "winter" near Terre Haute. Mr. Byers will teach school near the city. Friends may address him as above.

Prof. S. J. Pardee is giving good satisfaction as principal of the Silver Creek (New York) Academy. He has about two hundred students enrolled.

Prof. H. P. Hall, formerly professor of Latin in U. C. C., is now superintendent of the schools of De Kalb County, Illinois. His schools are represented in the Centennial.

Prof. Geo. W. Hufford, superintendent of Henry County, has connected himself with Spiceland Academy as associate principal with Clarkson Davis. Prof. Hufford's address is Spiceland, Indiana.

Died, June 18, 1876, of consumption, D. J. Simpson; aged 24 years and 4 months. He joined the Eel River Christian Church. Noble

County, Indiana, in 1870, and remained faithful until death. He leaves father, mother, sister, numerous home friends, teachers, and students to mourn his absence.

Several beautiful cards, somewhat similar to the following, have recently been received in Merom:

D. D. Langford and Maggie Southward,
Married,
August 29th, A. D., 1876.
Mt. Sterling, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Langford,
At Home,
Oglere Stock Farm, near Lima, Ohio,
After September 5, 1876.

LOCALS.

Fifteen of last year's students are now engaged in teaching.

Mrs. Hutson, widow of Elder Austin Hutson, has moved to Merom. She occupies Mr. James French's house, formerly the Stover property.

Just as we go to press we learn of the marriage of Elias Mckinsey to Miss Mattie Blue. They have our "congratulations."

The reading room is again opened, but is not patronized by the students as thoroughly as it should be. It is well supplied with the leading papers and magazines of the land.

More sickness prevails throughout the western states than probably ever before. The attendance at the schools is thus greatly diminished.

A. C. Cain has finished building a "pale fence" around his lot. The pales do not stand perpendicularly, however.

The rock in front of the college, planted by the "Class of '76," and on which their names are cut, was viewed the other day by a young man from the country, who innocently inquired, "Be all of them boys buried here by that stone?"

The sale of papers from the reading room, which had accumulated in six months, was an enjoyable affair. The bidding was lively, and the papers brought a good price. The highest amount paid for one article was $1.20—for the *Living Age*, purchased by Prof. Ford. John Cason bought the *St. Louis Musical Review* for one cent—four numbers. Prof. Watson bought the *Scientific American* for 35 cents. The sale netted the reading room fund $3.35. Prof. Davis did the "crying." He did so well that the general opinion is, that heretofore he has been missing his calling.

We clip the following from the *Brazil Echo*. It speaks our mind exactly:

Married, at the residence of the bride's mother, in Sugar Ridge Township, on Sunday, September 10, 1876, at 4 o'clock P. M., by the Rev. George Grimes, Prof. M. S. Wilkinson and Miss Clara E. Huff, all of this county.

The happy young couple took the 8 o'clock train, at this place Monday, and started to southern Indiana, to the professor's old home, where they will spend a few days among friends and relatives. Prof. Wilkinson, during his two year's residence in Clay County, has won for himself, as a teacher, an enviable reputation, of which he has just cause to be proud. Standing at the head of the list of educators in Clay County, and aside from his knowledge of "book learning," and ability to teach the same, he has shown wisdom in the selection of a life companion, as Clara is certainly one of our best and most accomplished young ladies, who has likewise showed wisdom in her selection of a partner. Therefore, it is with pleasure that we congratulate them both, and hope their future may be one of prosperity and happiness.

STARKEY SEMINARY.

Eddytown, N. Y., October, 1876.

Prof. R. D. Evans, A. B., Local Editor.

[Contributions to this department are earnestly solicited. Any bit of information concerning an old student or a former teacher, will be most welcome, if addressed to R. D. Evans, Eddytown, New York.]

LOCALS.

Mr. O. W. Powers is in charge of the class in vocal music this term.

The new year opens out well. Despite the "hard times," which seem to be affecting most of the schools around us, Starkey does not seem to have suffered much. The attendance is large, and the indications are that it will be good throughout the year.

The teachers' class this fall has a much larger attendance than that of last fall. The allotted number, twenty, has been filled up, and, in addition, there have been half a dozen applicants that could not be accommodated.

The societies find themselves in a flourishing condition. They have made an energetic start, and we look for good work from both. The Adelphians begin with fourteen members, the Emersonians with ———. Both societies will no doubt augment their numbers after the term has somewhat advanced.

We observe, with pleasure, that an effort is being made among the students to revive our reading-room. It is an enterprise of great importance, and that students are taking an interest in it, we receive as an indication of an excellent direction of thought.

The painter is abroad in the land; he has even visited our seminary. During the vacation a much-needed improvement has been wrought in the internal appearance of both halls by a generous application of the paint brush; and now, instead of the boards gaping apart and displaying a jaundiced yellow, behold! the whole institution interiorly in a fit of literal blues, and a most wholesome shade of blue, too. What we want now is, that some good friend should take it into his head that the outside of the buildings also is in need of a new coat. Don't all speak at once.

The new officers of the board of trustees are: secretary, Rev. I. C. Tryon, and treasurer, Myers T. Webb. Rev. Irvin Bullock is still president. The semi-annual meeting took place August 23d. It was marked by good feeling and interesting speeches, and resulted in the passage of a number of good resolutions and an adjournment. The executive committee now hold monthly meetings.

A very wise alteration has been made, with the present year, in the length and division of the terms of school. According to the old arrangement, by which the terms consisted of fourteen weeks each, the spring term ran far into the middle of summer; and also, as a consequence of this, a recess at the holidays could not be afforded. As now arranged, the terms are but thirteen weeks long, which brings the closing about the middle of June, and also enables us to enjoy a week's recess at Christmas. Instead of closing terms on Thursday, as formerly, they are now closed on Friday. Another sensible change has been made in the mode of rating tuition. It has been the custom formerly to charge by the week, each study bearing its own price. It has been decided, however, to adopt the more

usual plan of making charges by the term, having three rates for the preparatory, academic, and classical courses respectfully, and collecting all tuition in advance. This plan will commend itself to all as having many advantages, among which, not the least valuable, is the effect it will have in preventing students from leaving school before the close of a term on frivolous pretences.

WEAUBLEAU INSTITUTE.

Weaubleau City, Mo., October, 1876.

WILLIAM J. HAWKINS, Local Editor.

PERSONALS.

Mr. A. Murphy has been engaged in teaching a six month's school at Hermitage.

Mr. Joseph Whitaker has bought a new parlor organ.

Mr. M. F. Butler is teaching the same school he taught last year, in St. Clair County.

Mr. Halbert Dent, one of our students of '74, is teaching in the north part of Benton County. He is succeeding admirably well.

Miss Mary Whitaker is taking music lessons this summer, under the instructions of Dr. Barber.

Prof. Whitaker has put some very nice improvements about his residence.

Mrs. Jossie George has been attending school to Miss Dosia Cooley this summer.

Mr. F. Marion Wilson, of Hermitage, expresses himself well pleased with OUR WORK.

Mr. A. M. Halbert is working in the *Enquirer* office, Wheatland, Missouri.

Every thing is promising for a large attendance this fall.

The chapel has undergone a thorough refitting.

Twenty-two of the students of last year are now engaged in teaching in this and adjoining counties.

Mr. P. Jasper Rogers, "since he took to himself a wife," has settled down, and is now enjoying the realities of farming.

Miss Cynthia Hawkins, formerly a teacher in Richland Institute, writes from Brumley, Missouri, concerning OUR WORK. She says: "It does me good to read it. It seems to raise my thoughts to higher aims and better purposes when I read the productions of those who are laboring to advance the cause of education."

Mr. John R. Parker writes from Utica, Iowa: "I have received three numbers of OUR WORK. I am well satisfied with it. I would not be without the Weaubleau items for the price of the magazine, besides, the other matter is both interesting and profitable. OUR WORK is my most welcome visitor. May God bless the principal and assistant, and, in short, all the workings of Weaubleau Christian Institute."

We send the following—read in the literary society:

STICK TO YOUR SPHERE.

Every young man who presumes that he is ready to engage in an actual vocation of life, should stop and examine himself carefully as to what he can do the best before he makes a selection. Nine times out of ten a failure made at this period is fatal. Thousands of young men

select a profession, and after a vain struggle of years for position, discover a mistake. They then drift off after some idle speculation, and thus their lives become practical failures. He who wastes the early part of his life, and is then compelled to fall back and start again, will, in all probability, never have sufficient courage to find the natural sphere of his abilities.

There are a few men on whom nature has bestowed her gifts so liberally that they can work as well at one thing as another. These form a small per cent. of the mass of mankind, while the remainder have tact for but one thing, and a failure to find this makes thousands of worthless inebriates, and even maniacs. A man who knows himself and his profession will make his life a success, whatever his talents may be.

A good education is necessary in all pursuits, and no man should attempt to breast the currents of life without it. If, on examination, a man finds his temperament and physical powers best adapted to a laborious life in the open air, he should select his occupation there. If he has the requisites of a salesman, he should seek work there; or, if he is best fitted to stand at the desk and note the transactions of other men, he should make that his place. If a man feels that he is competent to train the ignorance and weakness of infancy into all the virtues and wisdoms of mature age—to form a creature, the frailest and feeblest that heaven has made, into the intelligent and fearless sovereign of the whole animal creation, we say, go earnestly about the work, and when the short race of life is run, the world will not exclaim, "*Failure! failure! failure!*"

Shingle roofs can be made doubly durable by giving them a coat of thin oil before they get wet.

PROCTOR ACADEMY.

Andover, N. H., October, 1876.

Rev. A. H. Morrill, A. M., Local Editor.

PERSONALS.

Miss Rowell, our preceptress, visited the Centennial in September.

George J. Carr is a lawyer at Lynn, Mass.

J. Willie Scales is postal agent between Boston and St. Albans, Vt.

George E. Long is in business at Sunapee, N. H.

W. S. Carr, a former student, is a member of the firm of Baker, Carr & Co., harness manufacturers, of this place.

Rufus M. Davis is doing a large business as merchant tailor at Franklin Falls, N. H.

George W. Marston is a merchant at Newton, N. H., and superintendent of the Christian Sabbath-school.

Miss Clara E. Rowell, a former teacher at Wolfboro', is at her home in Franklin, N. H.

LOCALS.

Twenty-four students at Proctor this term. Hard times keep several home who would otherwise be with us. Several students are also out teaching fall school.

Four states are represented.

There are classes in the Anabasis Greek lessons, Virgil, Caesar, Latin Grammar, Mental Philosophy, Natural History, Geology, Philosophy, University Algebra, Elementary Algebra, National Arithmetic, Geometry, besides several classes in common English branches.

More students are expected the last half of the term.

Work on the boarding-house has been suspended for some weeks. Cause, lack of funds. About one thousand dollars more is needed to complete it.

At the forty-fifth annual session of the Merrimac Conference, which has just closed its meeting at West Springfield, N. H., the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That we approve of the publication of the magazine, OUR WORK, and will patronize the same.

Resolved, That in justice to the young among us, and as being a fostering hand to our principles, we heartily approve of the school known as Proctor Academy, and will do what we can in sending students and furnishing the means to sustain the same.

The following from the New York *School Bulletin* for July explains itself. Doubtless Mr. Simmons cares little for the wealth and vanities of this lower world, and looks to the future for his reward. "Commenting upon our county items of May last, the *National Teacher* says: 'It is a disgrace for a city with the population and wealth of Rochester, to pay a superintendent only $1,800 a year. If Mr. Simmons is worth no more than $1,500 a year he ought never to have been elected, and if he is worth more, the board ought to pay him more.' Mr. Ellis was paid $2,500, and it is understood that Mr. Simmons expressed a desire that the salary should not exceed $1,800. When Mr. Simmons was formerly superintendent, the board raised his salary —from $1,200 to $1,400, we believe —and he refused to accept the increase saying, $1,200 was all he wanted. This sounds like Mark Twain, but we have the information on good authority."

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

A few are still owing us on their subscriptions. Times are easier now. Please pay up.

When we are notified that a subscriber has failed to receive his monthly due him, we always re-mail it. We will not, however, send another number of the current month to one who has failed to notify us of a change of his address after the first of the month.

Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, is constantly in receipt of the most flattering testimony from all parts of the United States and Canada, as to the beauty and excellence of his pianos and organs. Send for catalogue and list of testimonials. Address, Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, Warren County, N. J., U. S. A.

We invite all students to read C. W. Bennett's advertisement in this number.

TWO PAPERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.—The *Informer* is an eight-page monthly paper, published at Elgin, Illinois, at seventy-five cents per annum. It is devoted to health, temperance, peace, agriculture, etc., each department being in charge of a competent editor. We have an arrangement with the publisher by which we are enabled to offer it *free* for one year to every one who obtains a new subscriber to *our* paper, or if he secures several, he may have it sent to as many other persons as he sends us names for ours. With such an inducement, will not every reader endeavor to secure at least one subscriber for OUR WORK, and receive the *Informer* a year for his trouble? Send all names and money to this office.

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3-6m

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All Work Warranted as Represented.

3-6m

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" " "	Appleton's Journal ($4.00)	4 75
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" " "	Atlantic Monthly ($4.00)	4 75
" " "	Christian Union ($3.20)	4 00
" " "	The Interior ($2.50)	3 40
" " "	Herald of Gospel Liberty (2.00)	3 00
" " "	The Standard ($3.00)	4 00
" " "	National Sunday-School Teacher ($1.50)	2 75
" " "	The Morning ($1.00)	2 25
" " "	Scientific American ($3.20)	4 00
" " "	American Journal of Education ($1.60)	2 60
" " "	Schermerhorn's Monthly ($2.00)	2 50
" " "	Indianapolis School Journal ($1.65)	2 80
" " "	Science of Health ($2.00)	3 00
" " "	American Agriculturist ($1.60)	2 50
" " "	Ladies' Repository ($3.50)	4 40
" " "	Peterson's Magazine ($2.10)	3 00
" " "	St. Nicholas ($3.00)	4 00
" " "	The Household ($1.10)	2 00
" " "	Phrenological Journal ($3.00)	3 60
" " "	The Galaxy ($4.00)	4 75
" " "	Hearth and Home ($2.50)	3 25
" " "	International Review ($5.00)	5 25
" " "	Littell's Living Age ($8.00)	8 25
" " "	Toledo Blade, with map, ($2.15)	3 25
" " "	St. Louis Globe-Democrat ($1.50)	2 75
" " "	St. Louis Republican ($2.15)	3 00
" " "	Weekly Witness ($1.50)	2 50
" " "	New York Times ($2.15)	2 75
" " "	New York Tribune ($2.00)	2 75
" " "	New York Herald ($2.00)	2 75
" " "	Indianapolis Journal ($1.50)	2 60
" " "	Indianapolis Sentinel ($2.00)	2 75
" " "	Detroit Free Press ($2.12)	3 00
" " "	Danbury News ($2.20)	3 00
" " "	Cincinnati Gazette ($2.00)	2 80
" " "	Cincinnati Times, with hand-book ($2.15)	3 00
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